Don Quixote and Sinclair E.G.O::Lifetime Stew
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/62765338.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Categories:
F/F, F/M, M/M

Fandom:
Limbus Company (Video Game)

Relationships:
Don Quixote (Limbus Company)/Reader, Emil Sinclair (Limbus Company)/Reader, Don Quixote/Emil Sinclair (Limbus Company)

Characters:
Don Quixote (Limbus Company), Emil Sinclair (Limbus Company), Reader

Additional Tags:
Food, Kidnapping, Dragons, Cooking, Claiming Bites, Fluff, Love, Hugs, Cuddling & Snuggling, Feeding, Tails, Teeth

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-02-04 Words: 7,323 Chapters: 1/?

Don Quixote and Sinclair E.G.O::Lifetime Stew

by Bordementions

Summary

A forsaken tavern.

Warm, hearty aroma of stew wafts from the empty kitchen.

Following the trail of that delicious scent leads us to a coiling lizard with a head not unlike a cauldron.

Within its head is a hotly roaring fire and a modest cauldron dangling from above it.

Ancient stew boils vigorously from within the cauldron. It's been boiling for so long that it's become impossible to tell what the original ingredients may have been.

As I stood there wondering what must be done with this stew, a voice echoes from underneath the cauldron.

There lies a sentient hearthflame, speaking to us.

Notes

DONCLAIR GRAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

lil blorbos i love them

Disc server
https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Delightful Delicious Dragons

The flickering firelight danced across the damp stone walls of the abandoned facility, painting the interior in a chiaroscuro of orange and shadow. The scent of damp earth clung to the air, thick and musty, but there was something else interwoven with it—something rich, almost intoxicating. A savory, simmering aroma, like slow-cooked meat steeped in unfamiliar spices. It stirred an unsettling warmth in your chest, cutting through the cold that had seeped into your bones.

You blinked, trying to clear your vision, but the world remained blurred at the edges. The last thing you remembered was the sharp crack against the back of your skull, a white-hot pain detonating behind your eyes—and then, nothing.

Now, you were sprawled on a cold, flagstone floor, rough stone biting into your palms as you pushed yourself upright. A dull, insistent throb nestled deep in your skull, sending out sluggish pulses of pain. Disorientation clung to you like a second skin, your limbs slow to obey. The fire crackled merrily in a grand hearth, its warm light warping the shadows along the walls, making them twist and breathe as if the very room had a pulse of its own.

And then, you saw them.

Two figures stood near the fire, bathed in the shifting glow of the flames. They weren't especially tall, yet something about them exuded presence—an eerie, weighty aura that made the air feel heavier. Their attire was unmistakably bizarre: an unsettling fusion of medieval knightly garb and a chef's uniform, like something plucked from a fever dream.

Their red berets sat jauntily atop short, blonde hair, a stark contrast to the severe bronze collars encircling their necks, each adorned with a prominent o-ring. The gleaming metal caught the firelight as they moved, reflecting an amber gleam against their pale skin. Their shoulders were encased in broad, polished bronze pauldrons, extending into segmented armor along their upper arms. Over their torsos, they wore tight-fitting bodices, reinforced with some unknown material, and fastened over white aprons that hung like butcher's smocks—stained, streaked, and splattered with something dark. Something that looked far too thick to be mere food residue.

Each of them possessed a monstorous arms. Thick, overlapping scales ran from the wrist to the elbow, a dragon's hide in deep emerald hues, ending in a gauntleted claw that twitched idly at its side. The other arm, and both of the second figure's limbs, were encased in a more traditional mix of chainmail and plated armor, their metallic sheen dulled with use.

Long, tattered coats draped past their knees, patterned with a strange, green scale motif, the fabric shifting with their movements like the skin of something alive. Their legs were protected by segmented greaves, but it was their feet that sent an icy shiver crawling down your spine—wrapped in thick, red cloth that stretched up to their knees, but even through the fabric, their unnatural shape was obvious. Too large. Too powerful. Draconic.

And then, there were the tails.

Long, dark, and prehensile, they swayed in slow, deliberate arcs behind them, the sinuous motion eerily controlled, like a pair of waiting serpents.

Nearby, leaning against the wall, were two massive polearms. Their curved blades gleamed, etched with intricate patterns, and at their centers pulsed a molten red core. A slow, viscous substance dripped from within, hissing softly as it hit the cold stone floor. The weapons radiated an almost tangible menace—ornate, yet undeniably lethal.

Those weapons weren't meant for cooking.

One of the figures turned towards you, her bright yellow-blonde hair bobbing with the movement. Cut short in a neat, almost childishly round style, it framed her face, accentuating the wide, sparkling hazel eyes that gleamed with an unsettling mix of excitement and curiosity. Her expression was animated, brimming with unrestrained enthusiasm, as though she had been waiting for precisely this moment. The grim, abandoned surroundings did nothing to dampen her fervor.

Then, she spoke.

"Hark! A wanderer appears! A most fortuitous happenstance, methinks! Fear not, for thou hast stumbled upon our humble abode!"

The words tumbled from her lips in an archaic, theatrical cadence—Middle English, you realized, though the sheer intensity of her delivery made the meaning clear even without perfect comprehension.

Her voice was high-pitched and excitable, its brightness at odds with the intimidating weight of her attire, the bloodstained apron swaying slightly with her movements.

The other figure, standing just behind her, shifted nervously. He was similar in stature—short, compact—but where she exuded boundless energy, he was restrained, hesitant. His golden-blond hair fell in soft layers around his fair face, and his golden eyes darted anxiously between you and the fire, as if expecting something—someone—to emerge from the shadows. He wrung his hands, fingers twitching against the fabric of his sleeves, his discomfort almost palpable.

He leaned closer to Don Quixote and murmured something, his voice too soft for you to catch. But the way his gaze flickered toward you, filled with unease, spoke volumes.

Don Quixote, either oblivious to or deliberately ignoring his apprehension, clapped her clawed hands together with a metallic clang.

"Come now, friend! Let us offer thee sustenance and respite! Though," She paused, her hazel eyes glinting with amusement, "perhaps a small test of thy worthiness is in order first?"

She gestured towards one of the massive polearms leaning against the wall, her scaled hand resting on its engraved haft. The red core at its center pulsed, a slow and steady heartbeat of molten light, thick rivulets of the strange substance within seeping along its length. A blade meant not for cutting meat, but likely through bone and armor.

You swallowed hard.

Beside her, Sinclair visibly tensed. His hands clenched and unclenched at his sides, the conflict plain on his face. He opened his mouth, hesitated, then tried again. His voice, when it finally emerged, was nearly a whisper, its softness only emphasizing the weight of his unease.

"Don Quixote perhaps… perhaps we should… inquire about their intentions first?"

His words trembled between caution and fear, like he already knew she wouldn’t listen but had to try anyway.

Don Quixote merely waved a dismissive hand, her enthusiasm undiminished. "Tush, Sinclair! Where is thy spirit of adventure? A true

knight doth test the mettle of any who cross their path! Besides," she added, leaning in slightly, her grin widening into something far too eager, "a little sparring never hurt anyone!"

The last word came with a chuckle—light, airy, almost playful—except something about it made the hairs on your arms rise.

Your thoughts were still sluggish, your head still throbbing from the blow that had left you sprawled on the cold stone floor. But now, fear had begun to override the pain, forcing your senses into sharp, desperate focus.

Your voice, when you finally found it, was rough, uneven—a rasp that barely masked your apprehension.

"I… I mean no harm," you stammered, raising your hands in a placating gesture, palms open, fingers trembling slightly. "I was just passing by. I saw the fire…"

Don Quixote's eyes narrowed, the flickering firelight casting sharp shadows across her face. The playful glint in her hazel gaze dimmed, replaced by something keener.

"Passing by, thou sayest?" she echoed, rolling the words on her tongue as if testing them for falsehood. "In these forsaken backstreets? With naught but misfortune and shadows for company?"

She took a deliberate step closer, her clawed fingers twitching at her side. The sharp click of her armored greaves against the stone floor sent a jolt of unease through you. The fire crackled in the hearth, but the warmth did nothing to ease the cold dread settling in your gut.

Behind her, Sinclair visibly flinched, his golden eyes darting between you and Don Quixote. His fingers twisted together, restless and uncertain, as if he could wring the tension from the air with sheer will alone.

"Don Quixote, please. Perhaps we could… offer them some broth? Or… or a pastry?" His voice was thin, laced with strained politeness, as though he were trying to gently steer a runaway carriage from the brink of disaster. He swallowed hard before adding, "We have some rather delightful dragonfruit scones…"

Don Quixote turned her head slowly, fixing him with a look so withering it could have curdled milk.

"Dragonfruit scones? At a time like this, Sinclair?" she demanded, aghast. "Art thou truly hopeless?" She huffed, shaking her head. "Nay! This moment calls for action, not refreshments!"

Without further warning, she hefted her polearm with both hands, the metal gleaming wickedly in the firelight. The red core embedded within its shaft pulsed brighter, its glow deepening into something almost sinister, like a beating heart filled with molten rage. The air around it shimmered with heat, and you swore you could hear a faint, rhythmic thrum—as though the weapon itself was alive, eager to taste battle.

"Prepare thyself, traveler!" she declared, her voice ringing with unshakable conviction. "For a trial by combat awaits!"

A chill slithered down your spine, every muscle in your body screaming at you to move, to run. But there was nowhere to go.

You were trapped in an abandoned facility with two individuals who, despite their eccentric mannerisms, were undeniably dangerous. One was a naive but unwavering zealot of medieval chivalry, utterly devoted to the idea of proving strength through combat. The other, though clearly hesitant, wasn't stopping her—whether out of fear, loyalty, or simply an inability to act against her reckless fervor. And both of them possessed the raw power, the sheer physicality, to tear you apart if they so chose.

Your mind raced, scrambling for options. Fighting? That was suicide. You weren't foolish enough to believe you could hold your own against them, not when their weapons, their armor, their sheer presence radiated a strength beyond anything you could match.

No. You needed a different approach.

Perhaps you could appeal to the golden-haired one's empathy. The way he hesitated, the way his gaze flitted toward you with something that almost resembled guilt… He didn't want this. Maybe you could use that.

Or perhaps there was another way.

Don Quixote, for all her bravado, lived by a code. A peculiar, outdated code, but a code nonetheless. She saw herself as a knight, and knights had rules, laws, chivalry. If you could find a way to exploit that—twist her worldview just enough to work in your favor—then maybe, just maybe, you could survive this encounter.

Desperation surged through you, tightening your throat, but you forced the words out before your courage could fail you.

"Wait!" you cried, voice raw with urgency. "Before we resort to combat… perhaps we could settle this another way?"

Don Quixote hesitated, her polearm still raised, though the deadly arc of its blade wavered just slightly. There was a flicker of curiosity in her eyes now, peeking through the veil of battle fervor.

"Another way?" she echoed, her tone teetering between skepticism and intrigue. "Speak, traveler, and let us see if thy wit matches thy courage."

You swallowed hard, steeling yourself. This was a gamble—a desperate, audacious bluff—but it was all you had.

You took a slow breath, trying to inject confidence into your voice. "I… I am a connoisseur of fine cuisine," you declared, praying that sheer bravado would be enough to sell the lie. "And I have heard whispers… legends, even, of the culinary prowess of the two chefs before me." You gestured vaguely at their chef-inspired garb, the splattered aprons, the gleaming armor that framed their forms like the regalia of warrior-gourmets. "Rumors of their legendary broths, soups so divine they can mend broken hearts and soothe even the most savage of beasts."

Sinclair's eyes widened slightly. He glanced at Don Quixote, his fingers twitching with a mixture of nerves and something else—hope? Excitement?

"Soup?" he murmured, almost to himself.

The reaction was subtle, but it was there. A thread to pull. You pressed on.

"Indeed," you said, nodding eagerly, leaning into your own performance. "And from what I've gathered, the two of you—masters of the culinary arts—have spent your lives pursuing a singular, unparalleled achievement." You paused for effect, letting the moment stretch. "The perfect soup. A dish so exquisite, so impossibly flavorful, that it transcends mere sustenance."

Sinclair sucked in a breath, his golden eyes alight with something raw, something almost reverent. He clutched his hands together, his earlier apprehension momentarily forgotten. "An experience…" he whispered,

voice tinged with something close to longing. "Yes… the perfect soup…"

Don Quixote narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing you as if trying to see past flesh and bone, past deception and intent. The weight of her gaze was suffocating, but you held firm.

At last, she lowered her polearm slightly, though she did not yet relinquish her grip. Suspicion still colored her tone as she spoke. "Thou speakest of our sacred order?" she mused. "And thou claimest to be a… connoisseur?"

You inclined your head, the motion slow, as steady as possible. "I do. And I have come to witness this legendary feat with mine own eyes."

For a moment, silence reigned. The only sound was the low, crackling fire in the hearth, the distant drip, drip of moisture leaking from the facility's crumbling stonework. Then—

"A mere tasting would hardly suffice," Don Quixote declared, crossing her arms, her gaze still sharp with challenge. "One does not simply sample the divine. Nay, to witness the truth of a dish is to witness its creation."

She turned suddenly, fixing Sinclair with a burning stare, her previous aggression now transformed into something equate to intense passion.

"Sinclair!" she proclaimed, jabbing a clawed finger in his direction. "This calls for a demonstration! A true test of culinary skill!"

Sinclair blinked. Then blinked again. His mouth opened, then closed. "A… a demonstration?" he repeated weakly.

Don Quixote grinned, her excitement practically radiating from her. "Indeed! If this traveler seeks to know the majesty of our craft, then we shall show them! We shall craft a dish worthy of legend!"

The firelight gleamed off the bronze of her gauntlet as she gestured dramatically toward the room beyond.

"Come, Sinclair! We make for the kitchen at once!"

You let out a slow breath, only now realizing how tightly you had been holding it. You weren't safe yet—not by a long shot—but at least, for the moment, you had managed to redirect Don Quixote's fervor from combat to cooking.

Sinclair straightened up, something shifting in his posture. The nervous energy that had dominated his every movement just moments ago melted away, replaced by a quiet determination. His golden eyes gleamed with something different—confidence.

"Indeed, Don Quixote!" he said, his voice steadier than before. "It has been too long since we last engaged in a competition." He turned to you, a flicker of his usual apprehension returning, but there was something else there too—an idea forming, a spark of inspiration. "Perhaps… perhaps the traveler could be our taster?"

Don Quixote's grin widened, her clawed hand slamming against her hip in approval. "An excellent suggestion, Sinclair! The traveler shall serve as the judge of our culinary prowess!" She turned to you, eyes alight with fervor. "A most fortunate turn of events!"

You blinked. Your mind reeled. Had they… forgotten about you? Just moments ago, you were one misplaced word away from being skewered on a glowing, ominous polearm. Now, in the span of mere seconds, you had been promoted from intruder to taste tester.

"Wait," you stammered, raising a hand as if to call their attention back to the reality that you were, in fact, still a potentially unwilling participant in this situation. But they were already moving past you, their excitement sweeping them away like a tidal wave.

"I shall prepare my famous Dragon's Breath Chili!" Don Quixote declared, her voice brimming with theatrical flair. "A soup so fiery, so invigorating, it shall set thy very soul ablaze! A true knight's feast!"

"And I," Sinclair countered, his newfound confidence solidifying, "shall craft my soothing Golden Nectar Broth. A delicate blend of flavors that will calm even the most troubled spirit. A dish of elegance and subtlety, in contrast to your usual… excess."

"Ha!" Don Quixote scoffed, flipping a hand dismissively. "Excess? Nay, boldness! A dish unworthy of valor is a dish unworthy of existence!"

Sinclair huffed, crossing his arms, but there was no real venom in the gesture. "We shall see about that, Don Quixote. Flavor, balance, and technique shall decide the victor."

And just like that, they disappeared through the doorway Sinclair had gestured to earlier, their voices growing fainter as they launched into a heated discussion—no, a battle—over ingredients, techniques, and the philosophical merits of spice versus subtlety.

You stood there, staring after them, feeling utterly unmoored by the sheer whiplash of events.

One moment, you had been moments away from an undoubtedly painful demise. The next, you had apparently become the deciding factor in some kind of grand culinary duel between a medieval battle-chef and her anxiety-ridden, yet oddly competitive, counterpart.

You let out a slow, exhausted breath, rubbing your temple as your headache made an unwelcome return.

You sighed, shoulders slumping as you stared at the chaotic scene before you. This was definitely not how you had envisioned the evening unfolding. A standard patrol, maybe a tense skirmish—those you could handle. But this? A culinary death match between a chivalrous zealot and a nervous wreck? This was entirely out of your jurisdiction.

Still, you supposed, it was better than being skewered. At least, for now. You just hoped you had a strong stomach.

From the kitchen, the sharp rhythm of knives against wood punctuated the air, accompanied by the metallic clang of pots colliding in barely contained fury. A heated argument—hushed, but brimming with intensity—unfolded between Don Quixote and Sinclair. Her impassioned voice rang out like a battle cry, countered by his stammering yet oddly steadfast rebuttals. Whatever they were saying, neither was backing down.

You leaned against the wall, arms crossed, torn between amusement and apprehension. This wasn't a meal; this was war, and somehow, you had been conscripted.

First to emerge was Sinclair, cradling a porcelain bowl as if it held something sacred. Steam curled from its surface, carrying with it a delicate yet intoxicating aroma. He approached with all the caution of a man offering tribute to a slumbering beast. His golden eyes, wide with nervous excitement, flickered in the dim light.

"This," he declared, clearing his throat, "is my Golden Nectar Broth. A blend of rare herbs and slow-simmered… well, I wouldn't want to reveal all my secrets," he added with a weak chuckle, his grip tightening on the bowl. "Please, be the judge of it..."

The scent alone was enough to stir a hunger you hadn't realized was lurking. Hints of saffron and anise mingled with something earthy,

something rich. You took a tentative sip. The warmth spread instantly, sinking into your bones, the kind of comfort that made you momentarily forget you were in a warzone.

“It’s… delicious,” you admitted, genuinely surprised. The broth was light but layered, the depth of flavor unfolding gradually, like a well-told story.

Before you could elaborate, the kitchen doors burst open with a force that rattled the very walls.

“Out of the way, Sinclair!”

Don Quixote stormed in, nearly plowing through him with all the grace of an armored battering ram. In her gauntleted hands, she carried a cauldron—a cauldron that practically radiated heat, as if it contained the very essence of a dragon’s wrath.

“This is no time for gentle broths!” she declared, voice brimming with conviction. “Behold! My Dragon’s Breath Chili! Guaranteed to ignite thy senses and awaken the spirit of grandeur long past!”

You swallowed hard. The chili was… intense. A deep, foreboding red, its surface rippling ominously as though alive. Flecks of black and crimson floated within, and you weren’t entirely sure they were just spices. The scent hit you like a war horn—smoky, spicy, and utterly menacing. Your eyes watered before you’d even picked up the spoon.

One bite. Just one bite. You braced yourself and took a minuscule spoonful.

It was less a flavor and more an explosion. Your tongue ignited instantly, heat searing down your throat like liquid fire. But the flavor, it was unmatched. A great mixture of spice that made the very air seem tasteless in comparison. You choked out something that might have been a compliment, or perhaps a desperate plea for water.

“It’s… potent,” you croaked, barely able to form words. Your vision blurred at the edges. Somewhere in the distance, you thought you heard metal clanking, as if a phantom knight had approved of the dish from beyond the grave.

The battle did not end there.

Sinclair, undeterred by the fiery assault on your senses, returned with a delicate fish stew, its broth shimmering with oil and fragrant herbs.

It was a breath of relief, soothing and balanced, the polar opposite of Don Quixote's culinary inferno.

But she would not be outdone. She countered with a hearty boar stew, thick and robust, the kind of meal a knight would devour before battle. Then came her next dish, she dubbed it "Knight's Delight," a concoction so bizarrely flavorful you questioned its legality.

You stared at the plate before you. Unidentifiable chunks floated in a golden sauce, their texture somewhere between meat and… you had no idea.

"What exactly is in this?" you asked, voice wary.

She grinned, sharp teeth glinting under the dim lights. "A knight must never question the origins of his feast!"

You shot Sinclair a pleading look. He only shook his head, silently mouthing, Don't ask.

They weren't just offering soup anymore. What had started as a humble meal had transformed into an all-out culinary spectacle. Platters of roasted meats glistened under the warm glow of candlelight, their juices pooling enticingly on the wooden serving boards. Bowls of exotic fruits, some of which you couldn't even name, overflowed with vibrant colors and intoxicating aromas. Delicate pastries, towering confections, and golden-crusted pies sat temptingly on the table. It was no longer just between the,.

Each dish was a declaration, not just of skill but of superiority, an unspoken battle between two formidable culinary egos. The air was thick with the mingling scents of roasted spices, baked sugar, and the distinct tension of rivalry.

"Try this, traveler!" Don Quixote bellowed, his voice brimming with enthusiasm as he brandished a leg of roasted… something. The meat gleamed under the flickering firelight, its surface crackling with a perfectly charred crust. "A true knight's feast! Only the bravest dare partake!"

"But perhaps," Sinclair interjected smoothly, stepping forward with the practiced elegance of a master chef, "you would prefer something… more refined?" He presented a delicate pastry, the layers impossibly thin, dusted with powdered sugar as if touched by winter itself. His smile was polite, but there was a sharpness in his eyes.

You were caught in the middle, a reluctant judge in this increasingly intense food war. Refusing either dish felt like a diplomatic disaster waiting to happen. So, you did the only thing you could: you sampled everything, carefully maintaining a neutral expression. The roasted meat was bold, smoky, and unapologetically rich, while the pastry melted on your tongue like a whisper of sweetness. Each bite was a testament to their contrasting styles, and your stomach was beginning to feel like the site of an ongoing culinary joust.

The kitchen, once a place of cooperation, had turned into a battleground. The clatter of pots and the whirl of knives filled the air as Don Quixote and Sinclair waged war with flour and fire.

"Sinclair, must you use so many herbs?" Don Quixote complained, dramatically waving a sprig of rosemary like it was a dueling sword. "It tastes as though a garden has met its tragic demise in this bowl!"

"And you, Don Quixote," Sinclair countered, his voice usually so measured but now edged with irritation, "must you insist on setting everything ablaze? Not all of us have tongues forged in hellfire!"

Spices flew, flour dusted the air like the aftermath of a battlefield skirmish, and you, in the midst of it all, were discreetly loosening your belt.

Then, as if summoned by fate itself, the chaos was cut short. The room, once alive with heated banter and the sizzling of food, fell strangely silent.

You glanced up from your latest taste test—some elaborate dish Don Quixote had just presented, involving a whole roasted bird adorned with an alarming amount of edible glitter—only to see both chefs staring intently at something just beyond you.

A cold dread crept up your spine as you turned to follow their gaze.

The fireplace, once roaring and lively, had dwindled into embers. What was meant to be a modest cauldron, hanging above a warm and steady flame, now swayed over little more than smoldering coals. Wisps of smoke curled pitifully toward the ceiling.

"Oh… dear," Sinclair murmured, his face paling. His hands, usually so steady, tightened around his apron. "The fire… we forgot to tend to it…"

Don Quixote let out a groan of pure frustration, gripping her hair as

though this was a tragedy of epic proportions. "Blast it all! Just when I was about to unveil my pièce de résistance! A seven-layer cake shaped like a fearsome dragon!"

Relief flooded through you like a cool breeze after a scorching day. Your stomach, stretched far beyond its limits, practically sang in gratitude at the unexpected ceasefire. But while the battle of flavors had come to an end—for now—the competitive energy in the room had not dissipated. It had merely shifted, finding a new battlefield upon which to wage war.

The moment was short-lived. Don Quixote, ever impulsive and eager to claim victory in any form, took a bold step forward. Her eyes sparkled with determination, her grin wide and triumphant. "Well, traveler," she declared, her voice ringing with newfound purpose, "it seems our culinary duel must be postponed. But fear not! There are other ways to prove one's superiority!"

Before you could even process her words, she surged toward you with all the force of a charging knight. Her arms, strong and warm despite the cool metal of her armor, wrapped around you in an embrace that was less a hug and more a full-body tackle. The plated edges of her armor pressed into your ribs—not quite painful, but certainly making their presence known. Heat radiated from her scaled arms, and her grip was unyielding, as though she were declaring to the entire room that you were now an honorary part of her kingdom.

"Behold!" she announced dramatically, turning her face toward the heavens as if she were making a grand decree. "The traveler clearly prefers my embrace! The warmth of a true knight!"

Sinclair, momentarily frozen in shock, blinked at the sudden display. His mouth opened, then closed again, as if his brain were still catching up to the absurdity of the situation. But then, realization dawned in his eyes—this was still a competition, and Don Quixote had just claimed the upper hand.

"Not so fast, Don Quixote!" Sinclair blurted, his usual calm demeanor cracking under the pressure of rivalry. He stepped forward with surprising urgency, his hands reaching toward you with an almost reverent hesitation before he carefully—yet determinedly—pried you from Don Quixote's grasp. "A true knight knows that comfort and… and warmth… are paramount!" His voice, though firm, carried an undercurrent of nervousness, as though he himself couldn't quite believe what he was doing.

Then, before you could react, he wrapped his arms around you.

His embrace was different from Don Quixote's—less of a victorious declaration and more of a quiet assertion. He was smaller, his frame leaner, but his hold was steady, secure. His warmth was less blazing fire and more the steady heat of a hearth, a quiet reassurance rather than a boisterous proclamation.

"There, traveler," he murmured, his voice a mixture of nerves and determination, as though he were willing himself to believe his own words. "Surely, this is… preferable?"

You barely had a moment to register the shift before Don Quixote let out a boisterous laugh, her competitive spirit flaring even brighter. "Ha! Sinclair, your attempts are futile!" She stepped closer, crossing her arms but making no move to retreat. "The traveler clearly enjoys my enthusiasm!"

With that, she lunged again, arms outstretched, ready to reclaim her so-called victory.

You were trapped between them—two armored, competitive chefs, both equally determined, both equally warm, both completely oblivious to the fact that you were now being drowned between their love. The air crackled with rivalry, and you weren't sure if you should feel alarmed, flattered, or simply accept your fate as the unwitting prize in their ongoing duel.

"But Don Quixote," Sinclair countered, his grip tightening in defiance, "you are… suffocating them! A gentle touch, a calming presence… these are the true marks of… affection!" His voice wavered slightly, as if he were trying to convince himself as much as Don Quixote.

You, meanwhile, were struggling to breathe. This was not how you envisioned winning—or rather, surviving—a culinary duel. What had started as a friendly meal had somehow escalated into an inescapable embrace, and you were now the unfortunate filling in a particularly competitive sandwich. The pressure from both sides was relentless, leaving you wedged between two determined knights who seemed to have completely forgotten that you were, in fact, a person and not some sort of prized possession.

"Perhaps" you wheezed, wriggling in vain, "a bit of personal space…?"

Your plea was met with silence. Not because they had heard you, but because they were far too preoccupied with their ongoing battle of

wills. Their arms remained locked around you, their determination unwavering. It was as if your discomfort was secondary to their relentless need to outdo one another.

You closed your eyes, beginning to consider more drastic escape methods. Maybe if you passed out, they'd finally let go? Though, given the way things were going, they'd probably just argue over who got to revive you first.

The hug escalated. It was no longer just a firm squeeze—it had evolved into full-blown cuddling. Head pats, back rubs, and whispered reassurances were now part of the equation, each one meant to one-up the other.

Don Quixote, with the sheer strength of someone who had likely wrestled dragons (or at least, strongly believed she had), had somehow managed to lift you slightly off the ground. Your feet dangled helplessly as she cradled you like a victorious knight showing off a rescued royal. Her cheek rested on the top of your head, the warmth of her skin radiating through the metal of her armor.

"There, there, traveler," she cooed, her voice unexpectedly soft despite the fact that she was crushing the air from your lungs. "Your fair knight, Don Quixote, shall protect thee from all harm!"

Sinclair, not to be outdone, had maneuvered himself so that he was practically wrapped around your back, his smaller frame pressing firmly against you. His arms encircled your waist, his head nestled against your shoulder in a way that might have been comforting if not for the circumstances.

"No, no, Don Quixote," he argued, his voice muffled as he clung to you with surprising strength. "True protection comes from emotional support! And perhaps… a warm blanket?"

You were now officially a human teddy bear.

There was no escape, no reasoning with them. They were utterly consumed by this affectionate tug-of-war, and you were simply along for the increasingly bizarre ride. Don Quixote nuzzled the top of your head, her beret tickling your nose, while Sinclair whispered reassurances into your ear, his breath warm against your skin.

Then came the… other affections.

You barely had time to register the mischievous glint in Don Quixote's

eye before she struck.

With all the theatrical flair of a knight bestowing blessings upon a cherished comrade, she began peppering your face with a rapid flurry of quick, playful kisses.

"Fear not!" she proclaimed between pecks, each one landing somewhere on your forehead, cheeks, or nose. "A true knight always showers their beloved with affection!"

Your brain short-circuited.

Sinclair let out a scandalized noise, his grip tightening as if he feared you might be stolen away entirely. "D-Don Quixote! That's—that's completely inappropriate!"

Don Quixote merely grinned, utterly unfazed. "Nonsense! Affection is a noble virtue! Are you afraid, Sinclair? Do you lack the courage to—"

"Absolutely not!" Sinclair cut in, his face a shade of red that could rival a ripened apple. He hesitated only for a moment before determination set in, and then—oh no.

You barely had time to brace yourself before Sinclair, in what was clearly an act of pure competitive desperation, leaned in closer.

His face flushed a deep shade of crimson, responded with a flurry of feather-light forehead kisses, each one placed with meticulous care. "G-gah..." he stammered, his voice barely more than a breath against your skin. "True affection is subtle… and… respectful."

Respectful? That was debatable. You were rapidly losing any semblance of personal space, drowning in a relentless tide of kisses. Your face felt like it was being used as a pincushion for their affections, the sensation overwhelming and persistent. You tried to turn your head, to shift even slightly, but it was hopeless. Their combined embrace held you fast, an unbreakable force of devotion and determination.

"Oh, traveler," Don Quixote sighed dramatically, pressing the back of her hand to her forehead as if she were overcome with emotion. "Thou art so adorable!"

Sinclair, not to be outdone, tightened his grip around your waist, his fingers curling slightly as if staking his claim. His voice carried a rare hint of desperation, laced with something almost pleading. "Yeah..." he

insisted, his tone soft yet resolute, "they are precious and deserve to be… cherished."

Your entire face felt like it was on fire. Whether from embarrassment, affection overload, or the sheer intensity of their combined attention, you weren't sure. What you did know was that if this continued any longer, you were liable to explode from sheer secondhand romantic fervor.

Something had to be done.

But before you could finally put a stop to this madness, the affectionate gestures took a decidedly more dangerous turn.

Don Quixote's golden eyes gleamed with something mischievous—something undeniably predatory. Before you could react, she leaned in, her warm breath ghosting over your skin, and—

Nipped your earlobe.

A sharp, startled shiver shot down your spine, your entire body locking up at the unexpected sensation. Heat coiled in your stomach, a rush alarm.

"My traveler," Don Quixote purred, her voice a sultry whisper that sent another wave of shivers cascading through you. "Thou art quite delicious."

Sinclair stiffened behind you, his entire body going rigid. For a long moment, there was silence—thick, heavy, charged. Then, low and throaty, almost primal in its intensity, Sinclair let out a sound you had never heard from him before.

A growl.

It rumbled from his chest, deep and possessive, vibrating against your back. His arms tightened around your waist, no longer hesitant but fiercely protective, his fingers digging into your sides with newfound resolve. "Don Quixote!" he hissed, his voice taking on an almost serpentine quality. "Control yourself! The traveler is not prey!"

Don Quixote, undeterred, merely grinned, entirely unrepentant. Her lips ghosted along your jawline before trailing downward, a mix of teasing nips and lingering kisses painting a path along your neck. Each one sent a new jolt of electricity through your veins, the sensation dizzying, disorienting.

Sinclair's grip twitched, his breath sharp and uneven. His usual timidity had all but evaporated, replaced with something raw and possessive. His voice dropped to a near growl. "Don Quixote," he warned again, this time lower, more dangerous.

But she only chuckled, the sound rich and velvety, her fangs barely grazing your skin. "Oh, but Sinclair," she murmured, her voice laced with playful challenge, "a little tasting never hurt anyone."

Sinclair's growl deepened, and his grip tightened. He nuzzled your neck, his own fangs brushing against your skin in a possessive gesture. "Mine," he murmured, his voice a low rumble. "The traveler is… mine."

Their tails, which had previously swayed with an almost absentminded ease, now coiled tightly around your legs, the rough texture of their scales a stark contrast to the burning heat of their bodies. The sensation was as constricting as it was electrifying, an unspoken claim made tangible in the tightening of their hold. You felt trapped—not just physically, but emotionally—ensnared within the whirlwind of their possessiveness, their raw, unchecked desire pressing in on you from all sides.

Don Quixote's bites became sharper, her fangs sinking just enough to draw a bead of blood. A shudder coursed through you, a mix of pain and something far more confusing blooming beneath your skin. The sting was fleeting, overtaken by the warmth of her tongue as she soothed over the mark, her breath hot and heavy against your throat.

Sinclair reacted instantly. His embrace turned ironclad, his entire body bristling with uncharacteristic ferocity. He too began to bite every patch of open skin he could find, not in a way meant to hurt, but as if he feared letting go would mean losing you entirely. That whoever had laid claim to the most skin would win you over.

The air itself seemed to crackle, thick with the mingling scent of arousal. It coiled around you like an unseen force, pressing against your skin, urging your instincts to react even as your mind reeled. There was something unmistakably draconic in the way they growled, low and guttural, their eyes gleaming with a fierce, predatory hunger.

You were no longer just a prize to be won.

You were territory to be claimed.

A mate to be fought over.

"Don Quixote!" Sinclair's snarl cut through the heated air, his voice trembling with barely restrained fury. "Let go!"

"Ha!" Don Quixote threw her head back, her laughter sharp and laced with challenge. "Thou art a fool, Sinclair! The traveler craves excitement and passion! Something thou canst never provide!"

The pressure on your legs increased as their tails constricted, their bodies pressing even closer. You let out an involuntary cry, the sensation teetering between discomfort and something far more disorienting. Every nerve in your body was alight, caught between the smoldering heat of Sinclair's breath against your neck and the teasing graze of Don Quixote's fangs against your skin.

The room itself seemed to tremble under the weight of their battle, the atmosphere suffused with intensity, the heat of their emotions seeping into every corner. And you—caught in the middle, your body thrumming with residual energy from their fierce display—felt something shift within yourself.

It wasn't just fear.

It wasn't just excitement.

It was something else entirely.

A strange, simmering defiance unfurled within you, pushing past the haze of breathless tension.

"Enough," you said, the word cutting through the charged air like a blade.

Your voice was steady despite the rapid hammering of your pulse, your hands trembling slightly as you reached out. Your fingers brushed against the large O-rings adorning their collars—sturdy, unyielding metal cool beneath your touch, a stark contrast to the fevered heat of their skin.

Both Don Quixote and Sinclair froze.

Their eyes snapped to you, wide with surprise. For the first time since this began, the storm of their possessiveness faltered. Confusion flickered across their faces, swiftly followed by something else—something unreadable, something that looked close to respect.

"Simmer down," you commanded, your voice gaining strength with

each word.

Slowly, deliberately, you tightened your grip on the rings, a silent assertion of control. It was a bold move, a challenge in its own right. They could easily overpower you—outmatch you in strength, in fire, in sheer will. But the moment stretched, and something in your gaze made them pause.

Don Quixote's usual bravado momentarily faltered as she blinked at you, her hazel eyes flickering with something akin to surprise. Then, a slow, knowing grin spread across her face. "Aha," she mused, amusement creeping into her tone. "It appears thou dost possess a fire of thine own."

Sinclair, who had remained tense throughout the exchange, finally exhaled, a flicker of reluctant admiration crossing his face. His usual nervous energy seemed to settle, if only slightly, as he gave a small nod. "Indeed," he conceded, his voice steadier than before. "Perhaps… we allowed our excitement to get the better of us."

At last, their tails unwound from around your legs, the pressure easing as they finally relented. You inhaled deeply, straightening your posture, refusing to let them see even a hint of weakness. You had been dragged into this whirlwind, subjected to their relentless affections, force-fed, smothered, and nearly devoured. Yet, despite it all, you were still here. Still standing. And you would not be reduced to a mere object of their whims.

You dusted yourself off, exhaling slowly. "I appreciate the… enthusiasm," you said, your voice edged with dry amusement, "but I think we could all use a moment to cool down."

Don Quixote let out a hearty laugh, the tension in the room finally easing. "A fair suggestion, traveler," she conceded, placing a hand over her chest in mock solemnity. "Perhaps we should engage in a battle of wits instead! A game of chess! Or—nay, even better! A storytelling duel!"

Sinclair, still wringing his hands, hesitated before offering his own, much tamer suggestion. "Or perhaps… we could simply talk?" he proposed, his voice softer now. "I've always been curious about… human customs."

At that, you finally let yourself smile—genuine, small, but real. You had survived their overwhelming affections, their intensity, their fiery possessiveness. And in the midst of all of it, you had found something

within yourself—resolve, confidence, and a fire of your own to match theirs.

"We can do all of that," you said, your voice steady, sure. "But first I think I'm owed a proper introduction."

Don Quixote and Sinclair exchanged a look—one of surprise at first, and then of happiness. In you, they had found more than just a traveler; they had found a challenger, a kindred spirit, someone who would not simply be swept away by their antics but would stand firm and meet them head-on. And oh, how they relished the thought.

Don Quixote was the first to break the silence, a wide grin stretching across her face as she threw out her chest with pride. "Very well, traveler!" she proclaimed, her voice brimming with excitement. "I am Don Quixote—legendary chef, fearless knight, and master of all things grand and gallant!"

"And I," Sinclair added, a touch more reserved but no less sincere, "am Sinclair. Her companion… her rival, and a chef in my own right." There was a quiet pride in his tone, a steadiness that hadn't been there before, as if your presence had shifted something in him as well.

You met their gazes, standing firm, and extended your hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you both," you said, your voice carrying a weight that hadn't been there before. "My name is…"

And so, in the heart of a long-abandoned facility—amid the scattered remnants of a culinary battlefield—something new began. The air, once thick with tension, now hummed with compassion, a shared anticipation of what was to come.

Laughter rang through the halls, stories were traded, and food was made. You had stumbled into a world unlike any other, a world of dragons and duels, of chefs and chaos, of passion and playfulness.

And it was utterly, delicious.

End Notes

Yoshaaa

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!